Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Couldst thou thy part as Heaven the whole surveys,
Perhaps thy sighs might rise to songs of praise.
In youth's fair morn, when tender hearts unite,
The prospect opens with supreme delight;
Distrust retires, life wears her loviest hues,
And brilliant *Hope* her path with roses strews;
While future years in long perspective rise,
Without a cloud to stain the smiling skies;
So met the pair! whose tale the muse essays,
Love shed its influence o'er their early days;
Constant and kind, at eve's soft fall they meet,
'Till time brought forth the sacred promise sweet;
But lo! while thus their mutual minds agree,
The youth look'd frequent to th' alluring sea;
Yet once again, my Mary, let me go—
Our lives shall then a blissful union know.
Reluctant now, with silent grief they part,
The youth respectful holds her to his heart;
Their last embrace some crystal drops allow'd,
Like rainbow tears beneath a falling cloud.
Now to the ship the sad commander hies,
Collects his crew, the Eastern breezes rise,
His sails expand, he leaves his native isle,
While Mary's parting looks his cares beguile;
And still he turns advancing o'er the main,
To that blest hour when they shall meet again:
Illusion all! for they shall meet no more;
The vessel hovers on Rappahannoc's shore,
The hapless captain seeks the infected quay,
And bears unknown the seeds of death away.
Now through his frame the livid fever spreads,
While from the conflict languid life recedes;
His mournful comrades bending o'er his bed,
Their tears around their dying master shed;
And when him breathless to the tomb they bore,
Again they wept; their sorrows stream the more.
Beneath her own paternal roof the maid,
Now liv'd retir'd—the sea she oft survey'd,
And many a long and wishful look she gave,
While sunk the sun beneath the golden wave;
Oft to relieve the hours of anxious thought,
For the dear youth, her skilful fingers wrought,
Some pleasing token of her tender care,
Which he, when she could call him hers, should wear.
But ah! to him no nuptial robes allow'd,
For all he wanted was the mournful shroud:
Where is the heart to nature's feelings true,
But loves to feed on the delightful view,
Affection pictures on our future days,
When wedded love around our hearths shall blaze;
When home shall all our happiest hours employ,
And the full soul shall overflow with joy.
While Mary thus the pleasing hope sustains,
The dying youth forgetful of his pains,
Looks back to her upon a distant shore,
Conscious that he must see her face no more!
Form'd as we are, by thee—*Almighty Power!*
Thy love, I trust, sustained the trying hour,
When far beyond the immeasurable sea,
The youth remembering her, look'd up to *thee.*
Oh! let thy love sustain,—of his bereft,
The tender maid in silent sorrow left,
Let not affliction heavy and severe,
Press on her heart beyond what it can bear;
But let the trials of a feeling mind,
Some lonely months to tender grief assign'd,
In thy pure will a sweet asylum find.

Cumberland. T. W.

AN INVITATION TO CHLOE.

COME Chloe leave the busy town,
Fly from the world's tumultuous noise,
Hie thee to me by Griese's stream,
And taste of Nature's simple joys.

Come breathe with me the balmy air,
Which in this valley we exhale,
Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And listen to the songster's tale.

The vernal showers that softly fall,
Serve but to make the scene more gay,
For greener are the verdant fields,
And warmer is the sun's bright ray.

The opening buds that deck each tree,
The early snow-drop's beauteous flower
All Chloe seem to call for thee,
And ask thee to my humble bower.

Oh! come then, come my long-lov'd friend,
And let us o'er the meadows stray,

Let us retrace remembered scenes,
Which ne'er before have seem'd so gay.
Together climb the nine-tree hill,
Together to the glen we'll go,
Together seek the shady wood,
Where wide their arms the beeches throw.

Dost thou remember, Chloe, say,
While yet thou graced this valley fair,
The eve we went to Narraghmore,
Our youthful hearts so free from care.

There from the hazel's loaded bough,
We joy'd the ripen'd nut to bring,
While with our cries of wild delight,
We made the woods' loud echoes ring.

To cull the violet's scented head,
How oft to Willow-brook we've gone,
How oft have we at morning's dawn,
My Chloe, wander'd there alone.

Let's tread again our favourite walk,
Let's hasten to the hills so green,
All nature pleas'd will look if thou
Will add thy presence to the scene.

Oh! come, then come and closer bind,
The band that friendship round us twined.

EMMELINE.

THE DYING SOLDIER, A SONG,

TUNE.—"GENERAL WOLFE."

THAT evening, how sad, on CORUNNA'S dire plain,
The field of the fight to survey,
As the moon dimly shone on the thousands of slain,
Whom that morn had seen valiant and gay!
'Twas here that young Patrick, deep wounded in fight,
Lay far from his own native shore;
He lifted his eyes to the pale-looking light,
That beheld him all cover'd with gore!

"Hail! wand'rer of heaven! (all feebly he cried)
I hail but to bid thee adieu!
O! dear to my memory! thou shall be denied,
For ever again to my view!
The green banks of Banna, just now thou dost see,
The glen, and the lawn, and the grove,
And the place where the date is inscrib'd on the tree,
Thou didst witness the vows of my love.

"Thou look'st on the cottage, the seat of my sire,
The happy abode of my youth,
Where a fond mother oft did my childhood inspire,
With precepts of virtue and truth.
Dost thou mark those dear parents, how fervent they bow,
Heaven's smiles on their son to implore?
Ah! how will their hearts be distracted with wo,
When they hear that their son is no more.

"Dost thou view my sweet Mary, as constant as fair,
How she wanders my absence to mourn!
My return, the sole hope that can soothe all her care,
But alas! I will never return!
"If beside the sweet maid, how contented I'd die,
She would smooth the rough passage of death;
But here, in a far foreign soil, I must lie,
Having yeilded, 'mid strangers, my breath!

"Thou land of my kindred, my friends, and my love,
And all that is dear to my breast,
My cares for thy welfare alone shall remove,
With the pang that consigns me to rest;
"That pang!—yes, I feel it—but soon 'twill be o'er,
For the purpose of mercy 'tis given!—
O! Erin! my country!"—he could say no more,
For that moment his soul flew to heaven!

Larne, Oct. 1809. M'ERIN.

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

THE vale retired, where purple hare-bells grow,
And the sweet, lowly primrose loves to blow,
The stream that winds in many a mazy round,
Or dash'd from high, returns a brawling sound;
The cliffs that echo to the noisy floods,
Or deeper murmur of o'ershadowing woods,
The gloomy grotto and the solemn grove,
Where musing melancholy loves to rove,
The glassy fountain and the woodbine bower,
That seemed so sweet at evening's pensive hour,
These are the scenes where we were wont to stray,
And give to friendship many a passing day.
Will you, when memory shall those hours review,
Bestow one thought to faithful friendship due?
Will fancy sometimes those fair scenes retrace,
And warm affection lend to each a grace?